A SOVLDIERS VVISH VNTO HIS SOVERAIGNE LORD KING IAMES.

LONDON,
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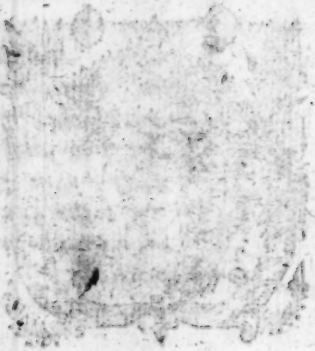


To the right honorable the Lords and *others of her late Maiesties priuie* Counsell: Robert Pricket wisheth all increase of honor and Coelestiall happinesse.

A This Captain Priest was afterwards A Preacher

Right honorable, I humblye intreate your honours vouchsafe to patronise this little booke, for in the absence of my soueraigne, I know not vnto whō better to direct the same, then vnto you my honoured Lords whose prudent, wise, and foreseeing consideration, hath for these many yeares principally assisted the protection of Englands safetie; if your Lordships shall be pleased to peruse the lines herein contained, I hope not any word in them shall proue offensiue, for my heart hath desired nothing more then to manifest my loues beste wishes vnto my Lorde and King. I humbly referre the discourse to bee censured by your wisedomes: and yet desires (if your honours shall thinke it worthy) that it might passe vnto the starre brighte eye of Englandes Maiestie, to whom a Souldier wisheth a happie Coronation, and a

long, continued, blessed, peacefull, triumphant, and victorious Raigne, to Gods glorie and Englands benifite, and that your honors may be vnto his Maiestie, as late you were to Queene Elisabeth.

Your Lordships in all humblenesse of dutie.

Robert Pricket.

A Souldiers

A Souldiers wish vnto his Soueraigne *Lord King Iames.*

THrise noble King the wonder of our daies,
Giue leaue my Muse may speake thy vertues praise;
A Souldiers hand made rough with Iron warre:
Not smoothly can with Poets lines conferre.
Aonian bankes he doeth not vse to tread,
But march where *Mars* a warlike step doth lead:
If roughly then into his verse he breakes:
A Cannons mouth, a boystrons languish speakes.
Thence doth he learne: for muskets, pikes, and swords,
Doe teach a Souldier: no great choice of words.
Yet in the hope of his Dread Soueraignes loue:
A Poets skill he thus desires to prooue.
Geeat pearlesse Prince I need not to deriue,
The lineall race which doth our hopes reuiue.
Thy kingdome England: knowes thy true dissent,
And yealds it selfe vnto thy gouerment.
And first, my wish doeth pearcs the Christall skye,
And humbly prayes heauens greatest Maiesty;
That in our farre renounde Elizaes stead,
Hir Crowne may stand vpon thy princely head.
Faire England hath this fortie fowre yeares beene,
The Kingdome of the worlds renowned Queene.
High *Ioue* did by the wonder of his hande,
Raise her vpon a regall throane to stande;
That by her meanes he might his children bring,

With

With peace to reste vnder her princely winge.
When Romes blacke vaile of euerlasting smoake,
Did strongly striue the purest light to choake.
Euen when the Pope that Antichristian deuill,
Had turnd all good into the worst of euill.
Changing the truth of euerlasting veritie:
Into the dreames of faithles Fryers imagery.
Leauing the Oracles of Gods eternall will,
Ruling by strength of vaine traditions skill.
Seeking to race Christ Iesus kingdome downe,
For to vphold an Antichristian crowne.
Burning aliue all those that would deny,
To yeelde vnto their grosse Idolatrye.
When England thus was massicred by Rome,
The iust condemned by iniustice dome.
Then God in mercy to his children sent,
A gracious Queene: to salue their woes lament.
Dread soueraigne, your royall selfe no doubt,
Haue harde how God did bring this worke aboute.
And how he sau'd our Queene from daunger greate,
To set her safe vpon a Princely seate.
That shee thereby that Gospell might aduance,
Which drowned was in darkesome ignorance.
And when he had installd her regall throane.
She peerelesse liued vpheld by God alone.
No forrayne foes could once her land inuade,
Proude Spaine to flie by Englands force was made.
No treasons plot laide by the best aduice,
Of Rome and Spaine could worke hir preiudice.
No Popish pardned periur'd traytors vow,
To be of force would heauens great God alow.
But to the horror of Romes vsupped name.

His

His champions all were brought to publike ſhame.
No hell borne hand diſtaynde with villany,
Could get aduantage gainſt her dignitie,
For all the treaſons bent againſt her life,
Brought traytors to the ſlead, the rope, the knife.
In ſpight of deuill and hell and men made diuels,
God kept her ſafe from all ſiniſter euils.
So that her throane was to the world a wonder;
No king nor Queene like her the heauens cloudes vnder.
All her attempts did proſper royally,
And crowned were with glorious victorie:
Her people ſo were hallowed for her ſake.
As that in warre there Pikes did paſſage make.
Through tropes of men the Holland ſtates doe know,
By Englands handes there honor firſt did grow.
And Spaine hath ſeene through cloudes of ſmoake and fire
How Englands fame did to the heauens aſpire.
More could I ſpeake, but this I breefly tell,
Heauens maiden Queene in all thinges proſperd well.
And whilſte ſhee liud in peace her ſcepter ſwaide,
With ſuch renowne as mightie kinges diſmaide,
Did in amaſement ſay vnto there Lords,
Goe ſee if truth with fames report accordes,
Beyond the bowndes of Europe kings moſt great,
Did ſende to ſee the Queene of Englands ſeate.
And thus her ſtate in fame all kinges aboue,
Was ſafely kepte by *Ioues* celeſtiall loue.
And all her time: the beautie of our ſtorie,
Shinde in her land with vneclipſed glorie.
The king of peace her his leiutenant made,
When as his kingdome did in her kingdome fade.

Shee once a Queene the kingdome of heauens Kinge:
On earth she made to be a glorious thing.
Saluation sound by worlds redeemer sent,
Was fetch from forth a sauiours testament.
Whose written word for euer firmely stands,
Caractered first by Euangelian hands
Whose goulden pens cōmanded were to wright,
No more but what heauens king should first indite
That king of kinges that mercie most esteem d:
That Iesus Christ who vs from hell redeemd,
His Gospell was the glorie of our lande,
Whereby we learnd the truth to vnderstand.
And so our Queene on Christ hir faith did ground
As that her fame did through earths kingdōes sound
And Christ did vnto her his loue reueale,
When as by him hir hand had power to heale:
Hir snow white palme by faith had vertue such,
As that the sicke shee healde with gratious touch.
Thousands diseasd that did her mercy pray,
Toucht by her hand were safely sent away.
And for by faith, the sicke were thus redreste:
Her sound beliefe, was by that truth expreste.
That faith in Christ whose written veritie,
Was dayly preacht by Englands ministry,
Vnto our Queene a croune of glorie sent,
Whose precious beautie was her souls content.
For to obey that law which Christ had taught,
Our Queene her selfe and all her subiects brought,
Thence did proceede the glory of her state;
No strength had power hir hopes to ruinate,
And therein stood a Souldiers name renound,

When he ſhould fight for her whome Chriſt had crownd.
And when by her that Chriſt our heauenly Lord,
Rulde like a King by ſcepter of his word;
Then God, then Chriſt, then Queene, then countries lawes:
Helde in themſelues a moſt ſupreame applauſe.
No cauſe can well a ſouldiers name commend,
But when his ſword ſhall all thoſe rights defende.
And for them all a ſouldiers armes I beare,
My quarel's iuſt nor men nor deuils Ile feare.
But now my Queene whome I haue thus commended,
Hir heauenly ſoule is vnto heauen aſcended.
Her peaceful raigne in peace did ende her dayes,
Heauen hath her ſoule, the earth retaines her prayſe.
And now I will a ſoueraygne looke to finde,
Indu'd with all the vertues of her minde.
And thus my king my vearſe ſhall now returne,
To thee whoſe heart with godly zeale doth burne.
God left our Queene this kingdome to maintaine,
Whilſte by his worde he taught thee how to raygne,
For in the kingdome where thy rule was ſeene,
The lawe of Chriſt hath in that kingdome binne.
Thy royall throane and ſcepter bearing hande,
Did ſtriue with truth in equall life to ſtande.
Moſt prudent, wiſe, and iuſt in euery thing,
Approued was Prince Iames then Scotlands king.
And for thy heart with God did ſtand vpright,
He now hath raiſd thee to a greater might.
Great King how may thy heart with ioy bee glad,
Whē God to one three kingdomes more doth add.
How good a thing is it that God to ſerue,
Who thus rewardeth them that well deſerue?

A Souldiers wish vnto his Soueraigne

Great king I know thy euer righteous heart,
Will dignifie the worth of thy desart.
And make vs blessed by thy vertues grace,
Because thy soule the way of truth doth trace.
Well may I say thy prudence thought vpon,
That God hath sent a second Salomon.
Whose wisedome shall adorne his kingly name,
And to all kingdomes memorise his fame.
Thy royall hand O king hath wisely tried,
To proue thy heart deuinely sanctified.
Thy Angell spirit with Dauids pen doth wright
And wisedome giues thy minde a glorious light.
Cloauen tongs of fire haue made thy muse deuine,
In all thy words a heauenly grace doth shine.
Thy worke approues thy exercise hath binne,
In holy writte true iudgement thence to winne.
With how great ioy may all good people say,
A godly kinge shall Englands scepter swaye.
Whose royall selfe with kingly domination.
Shall build his house vpon a firme foundation.
For such hath beene his vertues preparation,
That God for him will blesse his kingdoms nation.
England regard how God hath thee respected,
And how thy weale is still by him protected.
And now whilst that it may be calde thy day,
Tourne to thy God and all his lawes obay.
Peruse thy state & then thou mayest beholde,
The loue of God with merces manyfould.
Euen when the time was cõe that wilde ones wisht,
Euen then their hopes were presently dismisse.
And quiet peace with gratious calme contente,

Proclaimed

Proclaimed King whose princely regiment,
Shall wrap thy glory in a golden vale,
And make thy fame, the star-bright skies to scale,
Thy house of honour, shall be built a new:
'And in their state, thou shalt thy nobles view.
But this I charge, where iustice made surprise,
Let not a thought so much as mutinise:
I speake with loue vnto my countreyes weale,
There is no salue, hath power dead things to heale:
But euerie branch of honour that doth liue,
God vnto them their antient honours giue:
That England may for many hundred yeeres,
Attend her King with all her princely Peeres.
And this I hope in glorious sort to see,
When great King *Iames* our crowned King shall bee.
Pray England then God may thy Soueraign blesse:
In whome consisteth all thy happinesse,
Thus mightie King thy owne is giuen to the,
Thy selfe alone is Englands Maiestie,
Come to thy kingdomes, in peace thy Crowne enioy,
Who wish not so, Gods iudgements them distroy,
Coraga then for thats a Souldiers tearme,
Thy God oh King shall shield thy throne from harme:
Thy heart obeyes the scepter of his word.
Strong therfore will he make thy kingdomes sword,
Come then braue prince, make Englands earth to ring:
With hundred thousands tongues, that cries God saue the (King
The hearts of England are in preparation,
To dignifie thy glorious Coronation.
Come with the spring, in the our sping doth florish
Thy royall hand shall Englands kingdome norish:

A Souldiers wish vnto his Soueraigne

The heauens and earth agrees with choise of time,
To raise thy fame aboue the clouds to clime:
God makes a promise that thy Raigne shall bee,
As was our Queenes in princely dignitie:
For well we know the written truth shall stand,
Like gold to gild the Churches in thy land:
Imperious prince be then thy right possest,
And make thy Queene, a glorious Empereſt.
Thy Royall race incorporated right:
In bloud of Kings that were of greatest might,
Tels that thy name with glorious power shal grow,
And that the world thy valiant strength shal know.
And as I thinke diuinest destenie,
Did promisse at thy blest natiuitie,
That in thy race there should be something done,
Whose glorious fame through all the world shall ronne.
And in this hope, thy kingdome England liues,
Thy happy issue such great comfort giues;
A King, a Queene, a Prince, a Duke, all these
Great titles, do thy Englands people please:
For they reioyce to see each princely bud,
That springs from forth King *Henries* Royall bloud.
And now whilst that the world, a world is cald,
No doubt thy throne is in thy line instald:
This makes the land thy presents to expect,
VVhose prudent wisedom must her weale protect;
Thy nobles heere vnited all in one,
Humbly attends their King to wait vpon:
Thy Citie London, doth it selfe addresse,
The loue vnto her soueraigne to expresse.
There shall the King a hundred thousand see,

Lift

Lift vp their hands, and bow an humble knee:
And crie King *Iames*, God by thy power defend,
Their echoing ſhouts ſhall to the heauens aſcend:
The commons all, thinks long to ſee that day,
God ſaue the King, their hearts deſires to ſay;
Thy England in all pompe of Royaltie,
Prepares great King thy throne to dignifie:
The wealth of England all her gold and treaſure,
Offers it ſelfe vnto king *Iames* his pleaſure.
A fleet of ſhips, inricht with wars great thunder,
VVhoſe force hath cauſde earthes nations all to wonder,
That Nauie Royall, the terrour of Spaynes feare,
The name and fame of great King *Iames* doth beare:
The ſtrength of England, and each defenſiue towne,
Offers themſelues vnto king *Iames* his Crowne:
For Englands Crowne is made his proper owne,
The great king *Iames* for Englands king is knowne:
Great *Cæſars* tower, with her vnualued ſtore,
Doth with her ſtrength & wealth king *Iames* adore:
And Englands Court doth for his preſence craue,
That gallant ſtate doth wiſh king *Iames* to haue:
The pleaſure of faire Englands pleaſant land,
Doth giue it ſelfe into king *Iames* his hand.
All thoſe rich honours that befits a king,
They will themſelues vnto their Soueraigne bring:
The lawes of England will themſelues deriue,
From great king *Iames* his high prerogatiue.
The Church in England our ſweet Sauiours ſpouſe
Next vnto Chriſt king *Iames* her head allowes.
And Ireland which did in rebellion ſtand,
Is conquered now, vnto king *Iames* his hand.

And

And thus great King thy greatneſſe doth excell,
All princes that in Europes compaſſe dwell:
And now my wiſh deſires that day to ſee,
When *Iames* the king of England crown'd ſhalbe.
That then my eyes may my dread Soueraingne vew
When all his owne becomes his proper due,
Then doe I looke that Gods Lieutenant heere,
Shall like earths God moſt gloriouſly appeere:
Armd in the ſtrength of true ſaluations law
Thereby to keepe his kingdomes land in awe,
And then oh King, heauens Lord ſhal be thy God,
VVho in his wrath will with an Iron rod:
Bruſe and break downe the ſtrength of euery arme,
That but attempts to doe thy highneſſe harme,
And then thy Crowne ſhall ſure eſtabliſht be,
To the Oh King and thy poſteritie.
Becauſe thy heart vpon thy God doth wait,
He will thy throne exalt to higheſt height:
A race of princes from thy loynes ſhall ſpring,
And each of them ſhall be a mightie King.
Thy ſeed for euer ſhall thy throane adorne,
And Kings and Queenes ſhal to thy ſons be borne:
From the and thine ſhall dangers force be bard,
Gods Angels ſhall be your coeleſtiall gard,
VVhen forraigne kings againſt thy ſtate ſhall rife,
Thy England ſhall their forces ſoone ſurprife:
God ſhall in armes thy warlike vangard lead,
And make thy foes thy battails fight to dread:
That when their eyes vpon thy glory looke,
Their backes ſhall turne before a blow be ſtrooke:
And when they flie to ſcape their dangers thrall,

On

On their owne ſwords themſelues by heapes ſhall fall.
The files and ranks vpon thy battels wing,
Amidſt their troops ſhall heauenly Angels ſing:
VVhoſe muſicke ſhall thy men incourage ſo,
As boldly they vpon their foes ſhall go.
Thy rearward ſtrength ſhall Angell hands defend,
A heauenly hoſt ſhall on thy powers attend;
Thy battell ſhall with ſuch great force be knit,
As all thy foes ſhall neuer enter it:
Thy troopes of horſe, thy picht batalia garding,
Thy proudeſt foes ſhal feare thier valiant charging
Thy Royall ſelfe in kingly dignitie,
VVith ioy ſhalt ſee thy glorious victorie.
This to effect when warres allarams come;
Great multiudes ſhall wait vpon thy drom:
Thy kingdome can no doubt afford the then,
A hundred hundred thouſand fighting men.
But our long peace free from contentious iarre,
Hath made them ſuch great ſtrangers vnto warre:
That want of skill wil worke thy kingdoms wrong,
Vnleſſe they learne what things to warre belong.
I wiſh that peace warres children nouriſh might,
So as they may defend their mothers right:
That when as danger brings it ſelfe in ſight,
They well may know to order euery fight.
For God commands each welcommended means
Be vſde to ſhield a kingdome from extreames:
Thus by our God thy kingdomes ſtate erected,
Shall by his loue ſecurely be protected:
And thus King *Iames* ſhall to his Crowne retaine,
The glory of our late *Elizaes* Raigne.

And adde vnto his glories now begun,
More then could by a mayden Queene be done.
In which attempt, when Iustice giues the word,
I then desire to vse a Souldiers sword:
And in my heart thus much I contemplate,
I shall not need the lines effeminate:
A Ladies letter shall not a Souldier shake,
Nor be of force, a Captaines name to make.
But due desart, a Souldiers cause shall plead,
And tri'de experience shall the vangard lead:
Those bodies that shall for their countrey bleed,
No reason but their countrey should them feed.
And Englands law for them prouideth so;
But now our name vnto our King shall go.
My Soueraigne King, my life is onely thine,
And nothing else within this world is mine:
And whilst my God shal suffer me to liue,
My liues imployment to my King I giue.
And when you please that Souldiers vsde shall bee,
My Soueraigne Lord, euen then remember mee:
In dust and blood my life Ile sacrifice,
To serue my king gainst Englands enemies.
My little skill it were in vaine to boast,
But were I tried amidst a warlike hoast,
I would not thinke but be sufficient then,
In warres aray, to range tenne thousand men:
Yet in my heart I Englands peace preferre,
And not desire to see a causelesse warre.
But for my God, my Christ, my King, my land,
I readie am to take my sword in hand.
These humble lines an infant muse hath fed,

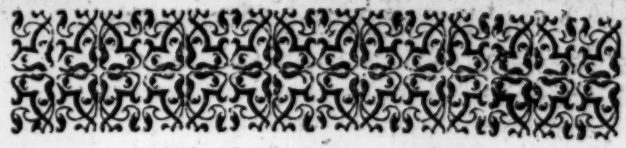
And

And left them rough, not wiſely polliſhed.
Vnfit to ſwimme vnto that bleſſed ſhore,
Where ſprings the tree of ſacred wiſedomes lore:
Where Maieſtie lockt vp in princely eyes,
With mercie mixt in Courts of ſafetie lies.
Yet that word mercie, bids my muſe to flie,
Vnto the throane of Englands Maieſtie.
And hauing wiſht to him all happieſt health,
At's princely foot ſhe humbly throwes her ſelfe:
I cannot ſmooth with flatteries filed phraſe,
Wherein doth ſtand a Poets gilded prayſe.
A warlike pike is made a Souldiers pen,
Wherewith is writ the deeds of worthy men.
And like a Souldier with a ſubiects zeale,
I thus my loue vnto my King reueale;
And wiſh all good, with an vnfained heart,
That heauen and earth can to his grace impart.
Humbly my wiſh vnto his period comes,
Praying for King, for Queene, for princely Sonnes,
Vnto them all my God thy loue expreſſe,
Protect them ſafely, increaſe their happineſſe.
And in thy mercie let not Englands ſinne,
Blaſt the freſh flowers of our glorious ſpring:
Vnite two lands that but by name ſtands parted,
Their people bleſſe, and make them ſingle harted.
England and Scotland, let all their Lords agree,
And ſerue their King in loues beſt puritie:
Then Irelands rebels full ſoone there is no doubt,
From doing harme will all be raced out.
Theſe Kingdomes God in peace together knit,
That on his throne King *Iames* may ſafely ſit.

UM

UMI

So in their hopes those minds shall quickly quaile,
That thought ere this the Pope should most preuaile:
The selfesame law which Christ himselfe did teach
The selfesame law, shall Englands pastors preach:
And all Gods children shall reioyce with ioy,
To see their King, the beast of Rome destroy:
Thus England now prouide thy triumphs games,
In honour of thy mightie prince King *Iames*.



Heere followeth an excellent Poem wherein the author hath comprehended, the principall effect of all before written, and this he desiresto dedicate to the Lord Maior of London and his brethren, as a testimonie of his loue vnto there wisedomes, and well ordered Cities gouerment, and humbly prayeth that the beautie of there state may longe be continued to the honor of the King of England and his kingdome generally.

Cœlestiall graces helpe my muse,
By your deuine direction.
That it may well that state peruse,
Vpheld by Ioues protection.
Whose honors praise doth far surmount,
All nations of the best accounte.
And tels the world that her bright glorie,
For euer liues in fames true storie.

England that Ile with seaes inclosde,
Whose state twyse twentie two yeares stood.
Rulde by a Queene by heauen composde.
To be the best of euery good,
That humane race did euer yeelde.
Hir prayses heauen and earth hath filde.
Hir royall hand did kings controwle,
Earth hath her fame, and heauen her soule.

UM

UMI

A Souldiers wiſh vnto his Soueraigne

That happie land when change had wrought,
Occaſion that did menace warre.
By councell wiſe full ſoone was brought,
In peace to order euery Iarre.
The daye that cauſd ſadde greefes annoy,
The ſelfe ſame day procurd much ioye.
Farewell ſweete Queene did ſorrow bring,
But ioy imbraſte the name of king.

A true deſcent from race of kinges,
Rayſd vp a king to Englands crowne,
Whoſe vertues prayſe the muſes ſinges,
He is a Prince of great renowne.
Englands nobles true honor gaynde,
When they king Iames, there king proclaimd.
His prudent, wiſe, and valiant ſpirit:
Doth like a King a kingdome merit.

Wondrous, and yet a pleaſant ſight.
Did croſſe reports contention,
When Earles and Lords, and many a knight,
With wiſedomes beſt preuention,
Did ſtoppe the mouth of priuate hate,
With loue vnto the publike ſtate.
And ſtill I wiſh that things fore done,
Spoyle not the glories now begun.

London I will thy fame imparte,
To ſtranger countries, for my eyes
Did ſee the worth of thy deſarte,
I will thy wiſedome memoriſe.

Thy

Thy people gouernd with like awe,
As when thy Queene rulde by her law.
The name of King no more could craue,
All tongues did crie the king God ſaue.

Thy commons did in order ſtande,
With carefull watch to gard thy peace.
Hearing what king ſhould rule there land,
Then with a ſmile there ſighes did ceaſe.
With teares they did their Queene deplore;
With loue they did there king adore.
And then the ioye of there deſires,
Fild London ſtreetes with triumphes fiers.

Diſordred mindes lookt for that coyle,
Which there degenerate thoughts had wiſhte,
When they might fill their hands with ſpoyle,
But now there hopes are all diſmiſte.
The ſea of Rome with all her friends,
The hope of there proceedings endes.
And England doth with peace imbrace,
The glorie of Eternall grace.

Worlds great fame and wonders mirror,
Let honor now thy hopes renue.
Thy peacefull ſtate hath binne warres terror
Great kinges hath ſent thy courte to vew.
Thy ſoueraignes ſcepter bearing hand,
Vpon a fowre fowld throane doth ſtand.
Let conſtant loue thy ſtate incloſe,
And feare not then a world of fooes.

UMI

A Souldiers wiſh vnto his Soueraigne

England, thy God hath ſhewed his loue,
Stand on thy gard, the truth defende.
And ſuch as would contentions moue,
Teach them to know how they offende.
Fetch home thy king and him annoin.
Whome God and nature doth appoint.
Thy Autums paſte, now comes thy ſpringe,
Thy Queene God hath, God ſaue the king.

UMI